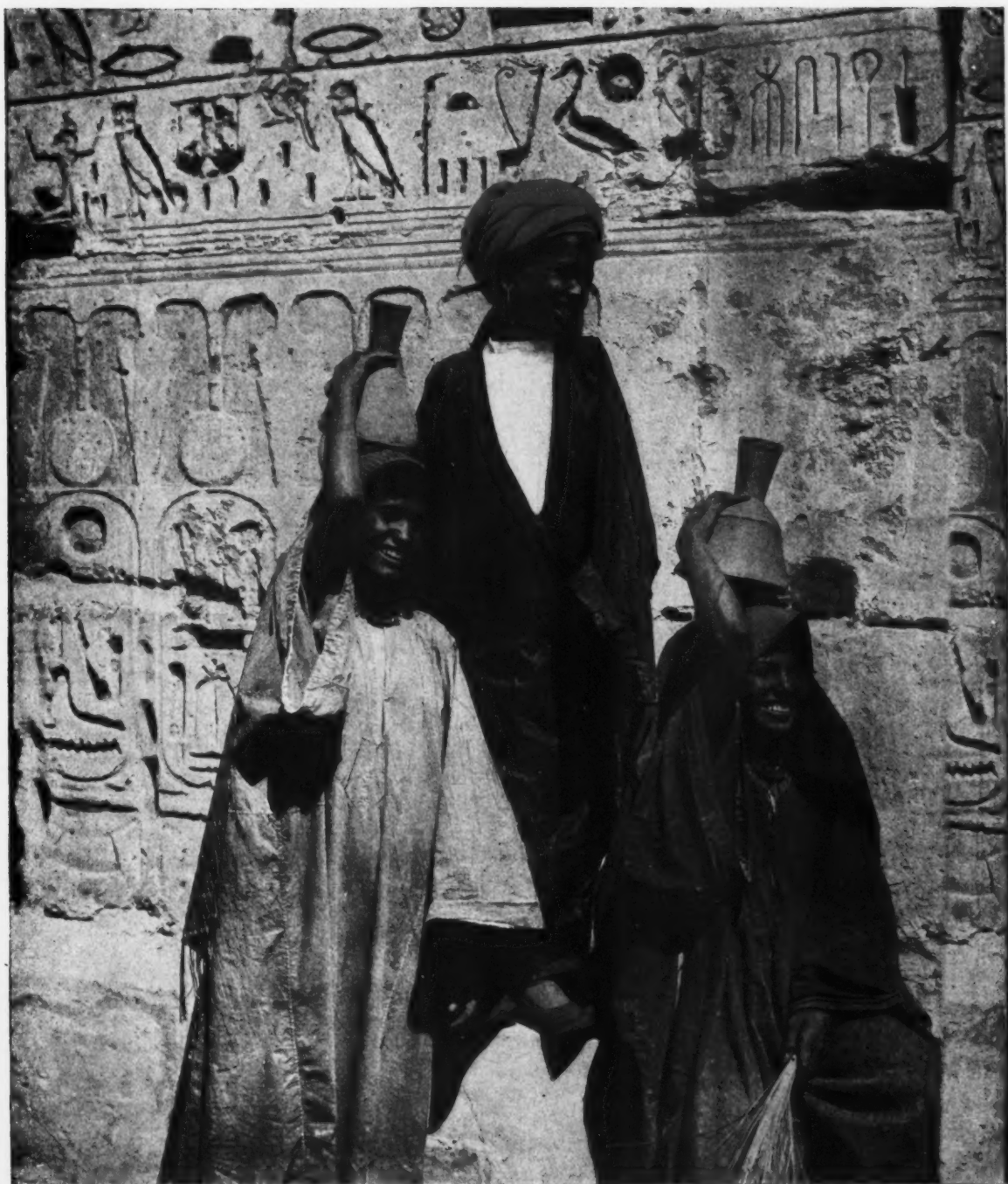


# JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS

*April 1921*

*"I Serve"*



© UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

Children of the Village Sheik, Upper Egypt

HAPPY CHILDHOOD THE WORLD OVER



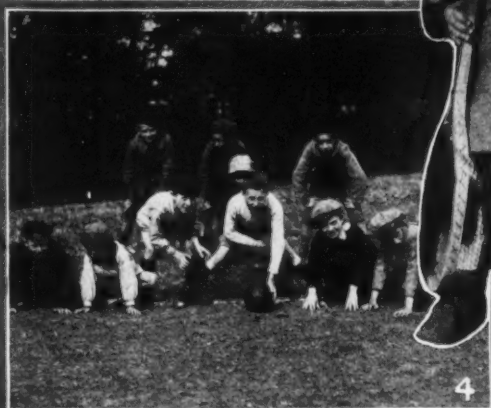
1. Learning a great American Game at Rethel playground, France.



2



2. A circus recruit, Rethel. 3. Basketball at Bagnolet playground, Paris.



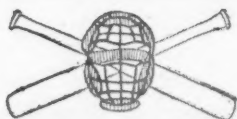
4



5



6



4. Football is played at Bagnolet.  
5. A tennis champion, Durazzo, Albania.  
6. The swings, Paris playgrounds.



7



8

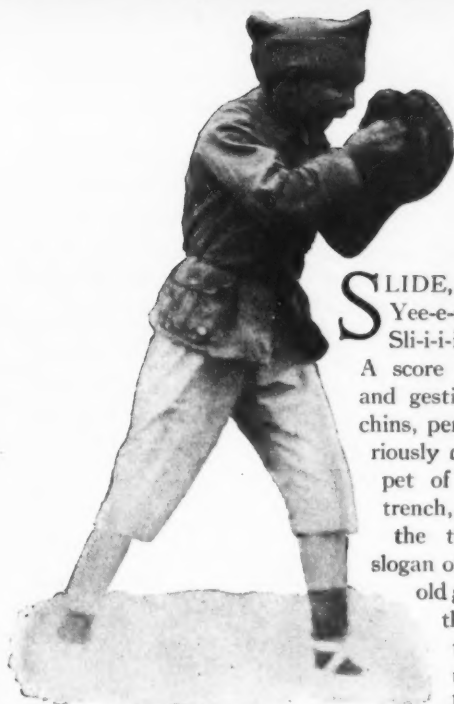


9

(7) Top-whipping, a game at the Liskow orphanage of the Junior Red Cross in Poland. (8) A natural acrobat from the Paris tenements. (9) Girls' foot race at Perigny orphanage, France, which has been helped by Juniors. See "The Brightest Spot in Paris."

# "SLIDE, KEED, SLI-I-I-DE!"

By Kenneth Latour



**S**LIDE, keed, slide!  
Yee-e-e-ewee-e-e!  
Sli-i-i-de!"

A score of capering and gesticulating urchins, perched precariously on the parapet of a deserted trench, vociferated the time-honored slogan of the "grand old game," while the object of the frenzied uproar, a breathless

which no twisting of the French language could ever replace, and which the small baseball enthusiasts of Verdun have adapted, untranslated.

Jacques Dupont, for that was the young French "fan's" name, disconsolately watched the barefoot pitcher wind up, for there were two out and two strikes on the batter. And

French lad of not more than ten summers, leaped a shell-hole in his path and sped for the battered knapsack marking third base. Heedful of the swelling chorus from the parapet "bleachers," he gauged his distance with the practised eye of a veteran at the game, and at five feet from the base he slid, feet foremost in approved Big League style, bringing up in a cloud of dust and glory, safe. A fraction of a second later the ball, having described a graceful rainbow parabola from right field, dropped into the diminutive third baseman's hands, while the successful batsman danced gleefully on the American Red Cross cracker-box at first base and made appropriate faces at the pitcher.

"Bravo, bravo, bravo!" acclaimed the rooters on the parapet, supplementing the bravos with a well-chosen volley of French raillery directed at the crestfallen players of the opposition.

The nimble slider at third arose with beaming countenance, took a five-foot lead toward home, and, as he slapped the dust from his breeches, eyed the pitcher warily. Suddenly his face fell and he hurried back to third base. There, safe from surprise, he examined a jagged rip running from hip to knee of his trousers. This was serious. What would his parents say when he returned home that evening with his only pair of trousers in ribbons?

They might even forbid him to play again this delightful game which the big-hearted, smiling men in khaki had made dear to his heart, as they had to the hearts of every red-blooded lad in the region of Verdun. Perhaps he would not hear for many a long day that thrilling American yell of "slide, kid, slide,"

as he watched, a magnificent plan unfolded in his brain. His face brightened. He sprang off the base for an eight-foot lead and was away with the swing of the pitcher's arm. An instant later he slid gloriously into the home plate with the winning run. The batter struck out, and the score, at the end of the ninth inning, stood 50 to 49 for Jacques' side—not discreditable, as baseball scores run in the Verdun region.

Jacques immediately took leave of his friends and proceeded alone in the gathering dusk, across shell-bitten fields and through rusting barbed wire entanglements, to a little wooden hut in a near-by village where a light, shining softly through the open front door, burned a welcome to all.

Inside the hut he found an American lady of his acquaintance. Through her had come the supplies from the Junior Red Cross which made the life of the children of the district bearable. Jacques did not know the lady's real name. They had never been formally introduced. But they were friends of long standing. To all the children of that region this magic foreign being's name was simply "Meess." She meant to them kind words, warm clothes and sweet chocolate. To Jacques and his comrades, she meant in particular, baseballs, bats and gloves.

"Good evening, Meess," said Jacques, in his very best manner.

"Goodness, my child," exclaimed the young lady, in the prettiest French imaginable, and with the slightest suspicion of an accent, "what have you done to your trousers?"

Jacques grinned ingratiatingly. "Base-





ball," he said. "I slid. I won the game." This last remark came forth with a pardonable swelling of pride.

"But these are your only trousers," said Meess, trying her best to frown and look severe. "I gave them to you only last week. You should be more careful, my child."

Jacques braced himself for a diplomatic struggle. The moment was ripe for putting his magnificent plan to the test.

"I have come specially to talk to you about that, Meess," he said. "You see I just had to slide. My side might have lost if I hadn't. It wouldn't have been fair to them if I had thought about saving my clothes, would it? It wouldn't have been like a real American baseball player to let his side lose, would it?" He gathered faith in his argument as he developed his weighty theme. And he fancied he could detect a tender smile playing behind the mock severe countenance of the American lady.

The words came thick and fast. He told the whole story of the game, inning by inning; how the score had been 35 to 20 in favor of the opposing side in the seventh inning; how they had fought their way up to a tie of 49 to 49 in the last of the ninth.

"And then," he concluded, "Baptiste hit the ball way out in the field, and I slid to third base just in time. And then I stole home and won the game."



"But, Meess," he continued plaintively, feeling with a furtive and embarrassed hand for the rent in his trousers, "if I go to mother now and she sees what has happened to my clothes she will surely forbid me to play any more. And I love to play so much! It's the first fun I've had since the war ended. Won't you help me?"

The American lady felt her heart melting. "I am going to forgive you, this time," she said. "It was perfectly splendid, the way you won the game. And now, tell me what I can do to help you."

"It is very simple, Meess," said Jacques. "Listen! Have you just one more pair of trousers like these that you could let me wear home? I promise I will take such good care of them. I will never wear them to play in. These can be patched up, and be worn always to play ball in. Then I can slide as much as I want to and it won't make any difference."

An hour later Jacques, with a bundle under his arm, strode manfully into the kitchen at his home. The trousers he wore were in every point the counterpart of the ruined garment in his bundle; not a sign of rip or tear was anywhere visible.

That night, as he knelt beside his straw pallet, he added a petition to his usual prayer, "God keep father and mother." It was "and bless my good friend Meess."

## "THE BRIGHTEST SPOT IN PARIS"

ON the historic old walls of Paris, built in 1840, near the Porte de Bagnole, the Junior Red Cross of America, By H. B. Atkinson his line, from tackle to tackle, average seventy-five pounds.

with the aid of the French Government, has made an American playground, which is, to the French children, a place where dreams come true—a playground unanimously voted by over 5,000 happy youngsters "The Brightest Spot in Paris." Every kind of gymnastic apparatus is there: "horses," swings, see-saws, horizontal bars, ladders, trapezes, slides and, best of all, grounds for baseball, football, and basketball. It was here, before a crowd of eleven hundred children, that the light "Apache" eleven defeated, by a score of 13 to 6, the heavier "Latins" for the championship of the playground. The outcome was in doubt with a tie of 6 to 6 until the last two minutes of play. Pandemonium broke loose when Captain Dodet, the Apache quarterback, romped through the scattered Latin line on a fake forward pass for thirty yards to a touch-down. Before the Latins could retaliate, time was called. The game was conducted under "official rules" throughout, and the interest wasn't lessened because Captain Dodet is only twelve and

With the opening of the playground in Paris, the Junior Red Cross of America organized four similar projects in the devastated regions at Rheims, Amiens, Rethel, and Guise. Every afternoon the children, who come largely from the homes of the poor, are given a hot drink, bread and chocolate.

A Junior Red Cross Playground Director writes:

"It was touching to see the dazed and utterly uncomprehending little faces at our opening day. Most of the children who came to us were sickly and frail. Food, as well as recreation, was provided. The children looked as if they didn't know what play was, and I venture to say they didn't. Imagine an American child *not even knowing how to hold a ball?* And of course the swings and trapezes meant nothing to them.

"But when I came back two weeks later they were a different looking crowd of children. The playground reminded me of a busy Saturday afternoon at home, and I know that for many of the children it was really *living*—for the first time in their lives."

# JUST ONE THING AFTER ANOTHER

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The experiences of the Junior Red Cross Director for Montenegro here given contain some of the thrills of a wild moving picture. Recent disturbances in that part of South Russia known as the Crimea caused thousands of Russian refugees to cross the Black Sea to Constantinople in any ships available, and the American Red Cross was instrumental in rendering assistance to many of these homeless, hungry people. Thousands were conveyed eventually to the Dalmatian coast on the Adriatic Sea, where they were landed with the permission of the Yugoslav government. Montenegro is now a part of Yugoslavia, and Miss Benedict hurried to the coast to aid especially in the relief of the hundreds of children from Southern Russia who had suddenly become homeless and found themselves on a foreign shore. The American Navy in Adriatic waters cooperated splendidly in the relief effort. Juniors will be interested to know that certain of their representatives in foreign fields actually risk their lives frequently in this work for children of other lands.

**F**OR a week there has been a terrific storm raging, floods, hail, snow, great winds. We have all been out in it; wet through for days at a time, risking our lives hourly; yet we are all right and spunkier than ever.

One evening after dark I went to see the great concentration of Russian refugees in Airplane Hangars near Zelenika. We entered an interior seemingly little less expansive than the heavens. The airdromes are vast, with vaulted ceilings. A few electric globes glimmered down from the heights. In the half-dark there seemed to be dumped every conceivable variety of luggage, through which human beings squirmed like ants on an anthill. The floor space had been portioned off into aisles, and into small rectangles where each little unit of people, a family, or a group of friends, could claim a desert home.

It was touching to note how even in that great impossible place a suggestion of home had been brought into these tiny plots, which averaged not more than six feet by four feet in size. When a wooden box must be used for a dinner table there would be over it at least a bit of toweling. Perhaps the woman out of all the rest who had preserved her unconquerable morale was a tall splendid girl, mother of a nice lad; she walked with a gait of a goddess and sang a merry tune. In the center of her cracked table top she had placed an old glass which held in it three sprigs of a beautiful shrub covered with yellow and red berries—a beautiful brightness to catch the eye, a cheer to work its possible uncon-

By Elsie Graves Benedict

scious healing on the mind of many an exile.

In one corner under festoons of newly washed clothes three young officers lounged on the cement flooring, their faces brought into strong relief by the light from the candle on their box table. Yellow

light on playing cards and gilt shoulder straps, a slap of a hand, a quick upward glance, and a laugh—it was a cheery sight; and apparently the young men were just as contented as if they were in some swagger officers' club.

Further on a little child sat very still playing with a 10,000-ruble note. He tore it into small bits; but nobody cared, for it was worthless now. There and then I decided to come again to Zelenika from Montenegro, just as soon as I could, to bring a case of toys to distribute. It will do for the children what the sprays of yellow berries do for the grown people.

In Ragusa there are several Russian women who fought with the troops. I saw one who looked like a boy. There

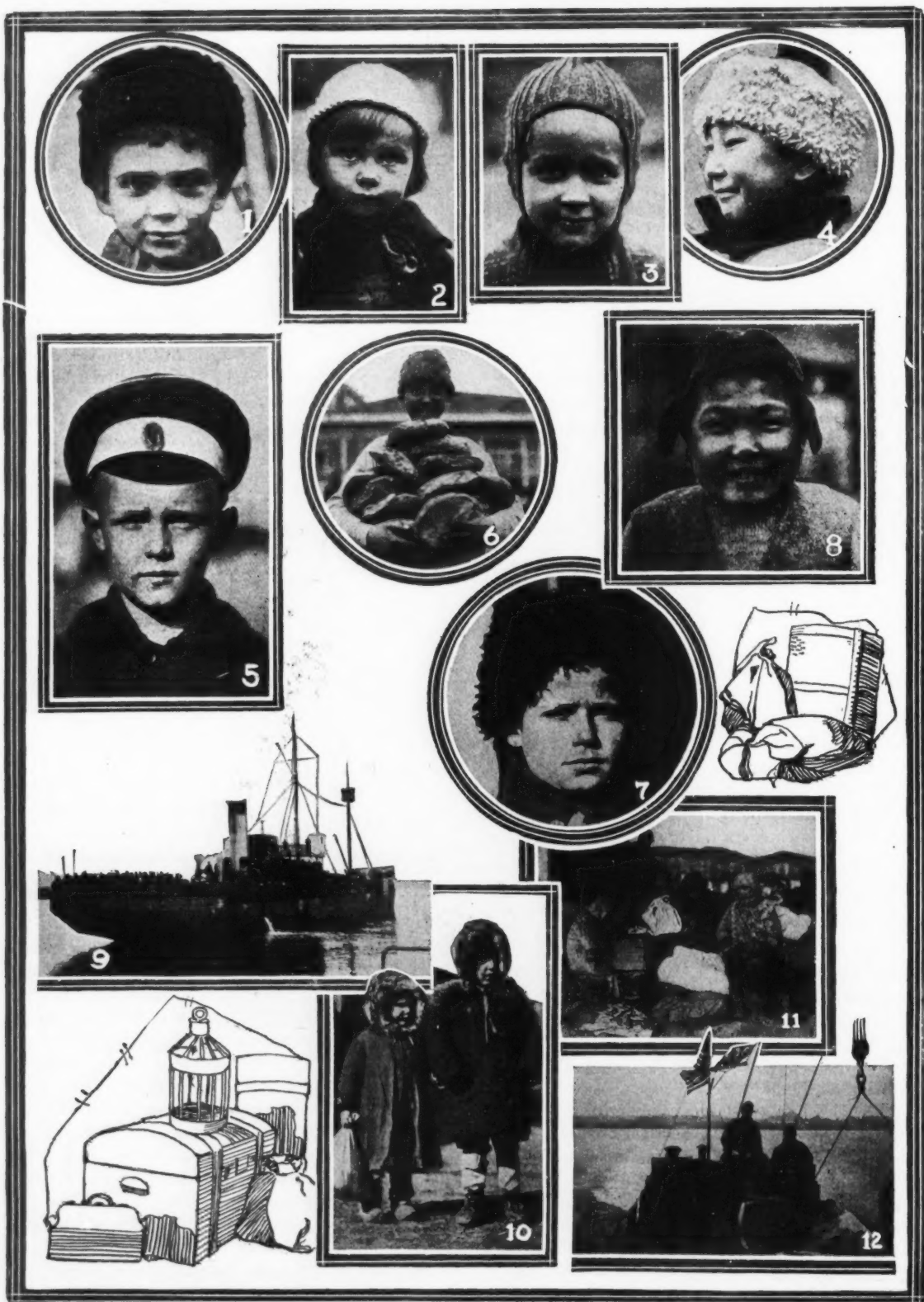
are said to be 7,000 refugees near or about Zelenika, 2,000 at Ragusa, 3,000 on the way expected any day and 10,000 hanging like a threat in the offing. But something can surely be worked out for the children. Perhaps they can be kept by the Red Cross until their fathers and mothers have found a home somewhere.

On our way up from the Coast our motor lights went out just as we reached the top of the highest point of the Lovcen grade. The storm was still raging. We thought that we would have to spend the night there in an open car in front of the hut which



"Callaro, a far-distant blur of lights through the rain"

G. LA FOREST PHOTO



Do you often stop to think that there are interesting children like these in other lands? These are South Russian refugees now in the congested Balkan States. (1) Cossack boy. (2) Wistful Crimean maid. (3) Bright-faced girl in Red Cross sweater. (4) Interesting Kalmeek from South Russia. (5) A little soldier refugee. (6) Bread for the children. (7) Cossack boy. (8) Another Kalmeek. (9) Ship crowded to the rails. (10) Homeless brother and sister. (11) All their possessions. (12) The American Navy cooperated in relief.



was the Guard House. Inside this hut where the soldiers were quartered we could hear one of their number telling a long sing-song tale interrupted with gusts of laughter which the night wind swirled away toward the Adriatic. After an hour, Lazar came back with a small kerosene lantern. With that draped over the radiator cap we felt our way down the grade to Cetinje.

On the way back to Zelenika Captain Evans, who had been in the mountains for two weeks gathering transportation, had two narrow escapes. On the top of the great mountain after night-fall the storm still drove in furies of wet against his eyes. He was driving a decrepit camionette. Just as he rounded a curve of The Ladder a boulder crashed through the top of the car, driving the American coat of arms into his forehead, breaking his goggles, and giving the camionette such a jolt that it swerved into the ditch and stuck there. Around the bend, after half an hour or so, Evans saw a weird spot of light. It proved to be a pocket flash in the hands of Dr. Dobbins, who in a lightless touring car was trying to get his chauffeur down that terrible road.

Together the men worked the injured camionette out into the roadway. To the horror of the nurses in Dr. Dobbin's car they saw that the men were pushing the camionette off the side of a stone bridge which had no railing, and which covered a drop straight down to the town of Cattaro, a far-distant blur of lights through the rain. They were too terrified to scream. It was little Yoko, one of the orphans from Danilovgrad who is taking a course of mechanics at the garage, who saved the life of Captain Evans. He shouted: "Yet, Capitaine, what you doin'!"

Captain Evans jammed

on the brakes and when they turned the flashlight on it the left wheel of the camionette hung out over the void. Captain Evans crawled out afraid to give the car even a quiver lest it topple off.

I came over the grade next morning in a fearful rain and wind. Our dead automobiles were to be seen along the line of the road. No efforts of any transportation man living could have kept them going any longer. At Zelenika there was a chauffeur who had been told by the sister of a man who heard from some-

body's cousin at Castelnuove, that some one in Ragusa had seen new American Red Cross cars landed from a steamer. You can easily imagine with what dispatch I left Zelenika to trace down this hopeful rumor. We drove through a river to Ragusa, and out to the port of Gravosa.

"No," they said, "there are no cars."

But next morning I made another search of the docks, and in the Customs Warehouse I found a great pile of spare parts for

autos, a box of electric lights for Fords, and outside, sitting in the rain, SIX HANDSOME BRIGHT NEW LITTLE OLD FORDS themselves.

They looked like Rolls Royces to me! It took three hours to persuade the Customs officer to let us get them without a manifest or inventory, or any sort of letter showing we owned them; all of which were in Podgoritz, two days' journey away. But we got the cars. Dr. Dobbins said:

"I believe if you were to fall off into the Adriatic you would come up with your pockets full of gold fish!"

Luck certainly has been with me in many emergencies. Call it luck? I really believe it is better expressed by a more sacred name, for our work is for children and He would surely be with them.



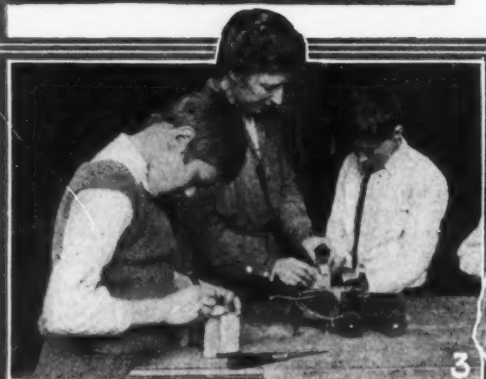
*The Dalmatian province of Jugo-Slavia is emphasized in this map for convenience. It was along this ragged coast that thousands of homeless people from South Russia were landed.*

#### WORK.

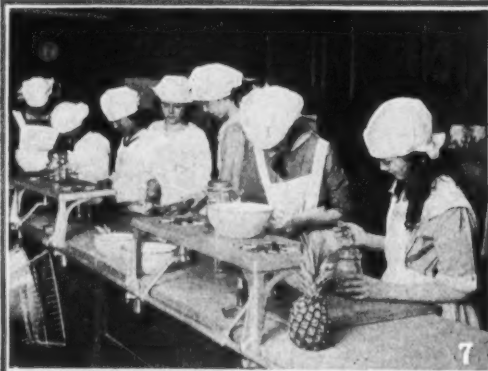
Let me but do my work from day to day,  
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,  
In roaring market-place or tranquil room;  
Let me but find it in my heart to say,  
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,  
"This is my work; my blessing, not my  
doom;  
Of all who live, I am the one by whom  
This work can best be done in the right way."

Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,  
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;  
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring  
hours,  
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall  
At eventide, to play and love and rest,  
Because I know for me my work is best.

—Henry Van Dyke in *Music and  
Other Poems*, Scribner's.



(1) Some Juniors like poultry raising, and it pays. (2) And they produce prize-winners, too. (3) Toy-making is an all-year-round occupation. (4) Marking rows for a school garden.



(5) Transforming a vacant lot into a cornfield. (6) Homes for birds. (7) Fruit-canning is a Spring and Summer activity for older girls.

PHOTOS BY PAUL THOMPSON, KADEL & HERBERT, AND UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD.

The variety of Springtime activities for Juniors is limited only by the inventive genius of Juniors and their leaders. Gardens, bazaars, pageants, plays, field meets, toy-making, garment-making, clean-up drives, salvage shops, are profitable pursuits.



# SPRINGTIME JOBS FOR JUNIORS

**B**URSTING forth in the bright By Walter S. Gard

killing of millions later in the season.

sunshine like buds on the trees, are the many spring and summer tasks awaiting the Juniors. First, there are the schoolyards and playgrounds. They have such a way of getting all bedraggled and cluttered up during the winter that already boys and girls in thousands of Junior Auxiliaries are marshaling Junior forces to tidy things up generally.

Profiting by past experiences, Junior gardeners are now beginning to look about for spades and trowels and to think of flower beds and vegetable gardens. The flower beds form an attractive portion of many school grounds and their blossoms have contributed much to the cheer of the schoolroom, and have enabled Juniors to brighten sick rooms and to use them as messages of happiness in many ways. The vegetable gardens play so important a part in the summer program that many auxiliaries call them "Service Gardens." Both the United States Department of Agriculture and the Bureau of Education have books and charts they will gladly send to Juniors everywhere which will be helpful in planning gardens and in caring for them.

Clean-up campaigns have become harbingers of spring in many communities and the Juniors always have had their part to play. One bit of unselfish service may be performed by Juniors who volunteer to clean up the yards of those who have no other way of getting this important work done. The boys and girls are especially interested in playgrounds and park spaces. They mend broken benches and supply new apparatus.

The Junior Red Cross book on Manual Training tells how to make revolving boards, see-saws, slides, swings and basket ball standards. If concrete walks, flower boxes, drains or post foundations are needed the same Junior booklet gives directions for making them. It is all so interesting and the biggest kind of fun!

About this time of the year, Juniors get busy with light wood frames and screen wire for the making of fly swatters and fly traps. These fly-fighting weapons can be made in the manual training classes or at home. The little house fly has long been listed as a common enemy, not to be regarded lightly. One fly killed at this time may save the

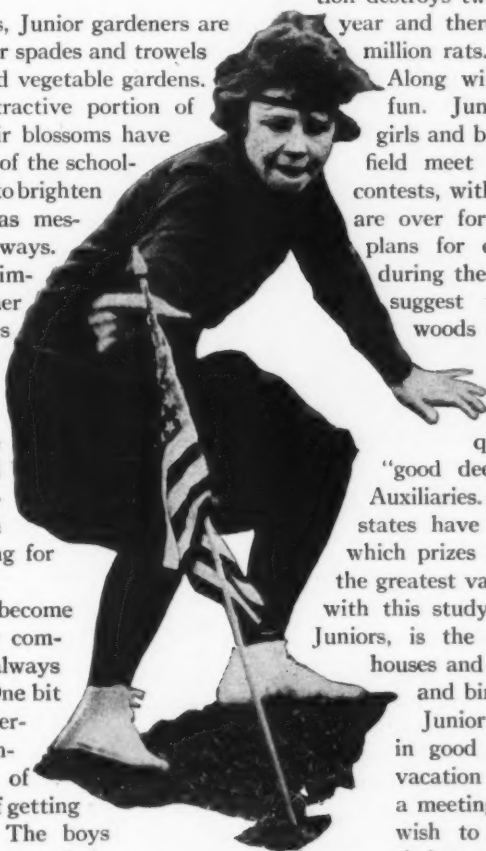
direction of the public health officials have conducted successful warfare on mosquitoes and other insect pests that render summer days unpleasant or endanger orchards and gardens. Spring also is the time for a rat-killing campaign. Government experts say that each one of the nation's rat population destroys two dollars' worth of foodstuffs a year and there are more than one hundred million rats. Set the traps!

Along with this work comes a lot of fun. Junior picnics bring together the girls and boys of a school or locality, or a field meet may be arranged of athletic contests, with a quiet hour when the games are over for an interchange of views and plans for carrying on Red Cross work during the vacation days ahead. Picnics suggest the shadowy depths of the woods where Juniors gather wild flowers and berries to send to hospitals and to shut-ins. Such flowers and berries have frequently been sold to swell the "good deeds" treasure chests of many Auxiliaries. Several schools in Western states have arranged a Junior contest in which prizes are awarded to those who find the greatest variety of wild flowers. Coupled with this study of nature, so pleasing to the Juniors, is the building and placing of bird houses and the location of feeding stations and bird baths.

Junior Clubs, organized now, will be in good working order before summer vacation days arrive. They will furnish a meeting place for the Junior girls who wish to continue during the summer their sewing and garment making for needy children abroad or for those at home. Such clubs are provided with sewing instructions through the Junior

Red Cross book prepared especially to aid in this work. The boys find that the clubs give a new zest to the toy-making and other production work so necessary in spreading broadcast the cheering influence of the Junior Red Cross. Swimming and life-saving squads formed by members of the Junior clubs will make summer play worth while. Here again the Red Cross offers its help in the form of expert instructions.

All signs point to a busy summer ahead for the girls and boys of the Junior Red Cross, but that only means a happy summer of unselfish service for others in order that this old world may be a better place in which to live.



UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD © PHOTO

*The flag race, a feature of a Junior field meet*

# JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS

Published Monthly, September to May, inclusive, by DEPARTMENT OF JUNIOR RED CROSS, AMERICAN RED CROSS, Washington, D. C. Copyright, 1921, by American Red Cross.

Subscription rate 45 cents a year, exclusive of June, July, and August; single copies, 5 cents. School subscriptions should be forwarded to the local Red Cross Chapter School Committee; if unknown, to Red Cross Division Headquarters. If both the Chapter School Committee and the Division Headquarters are unknown, subscriptions should be sent direct to Junior Red Cross, Washington, D. C. All subscriptions for individuals should be sent to Junior Red Cross, Washington, D. C.

VOL. 2. APRIL, 1921 No. 8

## National Officers of the American Red Cross

WOODROW WILSON, *President* JOHN SKELTON WILLIAMS, *Treasurer*  
WILLIAM H. TAFT, *Vice-Pres.* ROBERT W. DE FOREST, *Vice-Pres.*  
WILLIAM L. FRIERSON, *Counselor* MABEL T. BOARDMAN, *Secretary*

LIVINGSTON FARRAND, *Chairman Central Committee*  
W. FRANK PERKINS, *Vice-Chairman* A. ROSS HILL, *Vice-Chairman*  
JAMES N. RULE, *National Director, Junior Red Cross*

*Every Junior Auxiliary* has the privilege of making the living present happier for somebody at home or abroad, or both, by cooperative effort under the direction of the progressive teacher who surely heads it. In doing this it is bringing to the school a more abundant and colorful life, for the school is being introduced in a measure to child-life the world over. Teachers are reminded to watch for the varied uses to which JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS may be put, uses that are given regularly on a page entitled "The Day's Work," toward the close of the magazine.

*The Invitation of Spring* is to more outdoor activities; therefore this number of the NEWS deals generously with play and playgrounds, and with such useful occupations as clean-up campaigns and gardening. Arbor Day comes on apace with its splendid lesson in tree-planting. A suggestion for Junior field meets, on page 121, is commended to Auxiliary leaders. Elsewhere will be found stories and articles that tell of the introduction of games to play-hungry war-waifs in foreign countries.

*Did You Ever Imagine* that in far away Italy there were people thinking about you—boys and girls of your age and studying the same things?" write the children of a school in ancient Rome to a Junior Red Cross Auxiliary in the United States. So fine is this letter that it is given in full as an editorial in itself—an editorial written for us by young Italians.

"Did you imagine," the letter continues, "that there were young people that wanted to start a correspondence and form friendships across the great space which divides them from you?"

"We think that you, too, although you have differ-

ent customs, ways of living and schools, would be glad to strengthen this friendship between young people because we are all equal in our hopes, our little aspirations and our great ideals.

"The heart of a schoolgirl or schoolboy of whatever education is always the same in its affections and wish to know pupils of other lands, and to love them. That's true, isn't it? Don't you feel enthusiastic too, and wouldn't you like to be our friends and form one immense family?"

*How Many Wild Flowers* grow in your section of the country? It may be interesting to see if you can equal the following list of flowers discovered blooming in Ohio in the Spring, according to Harriet L. Keeler, in her book, "Our Early Wild Flowers" (Scribner's, New York):

Hepatica	Cut-leaved Dentaria
Spring-Beauty	Two-leaved Dentaria
Dwarf Ginseng	Mitella
Adder's-Tongue	Tiarella
Saxifrage	Wild Strawberry
Harbinger-of-Spring	Mountain Strawberry
Jack-in-the-Pulpit	Potentilla
Perfoliate Bellwort	Wild Geranium
Grape-Hyacinth	Common Blue Violet
Great White Trillium	Downy Yellow Violet
Red Trillium	Long-Spurred Violet
Wild Ginger	Cream Violet
Chickweed	Trailing Arbutus
Wood Anemone	Wild Phlox
Rue-Anemone	Wood Betony
Meadow Rue	Dwarf Everlasting
Blue Cohosh	Dandelion
Bloodroot	Field Horsetail
Dutchman's Breeches	Mountain Laurel
Squirrel Corn	Skunk Cabbage
Spring-Cress	

\* \* \*

## A PRAYER

Help me to lay aside all thought of self,  
To humble be, to love my fellow man;  
O keep me free from insincerity,  
And I will do for Thee the best I can.

—Jane Grey Syme.

\* \* \*

## AN APRIL DAY

A gust of bird song, a patter of dew,  
A cloud and a rainbow's warning,  
Suddenly sunshine and a perfect blue,  
An April day in the morning.

—Henry W. Longfellow

\* \* \*

April brings the primrose sweet,  
Scatters daisies at our feet.

—Sara Coleridge in *Primary Education*.



UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD © PHOTO

## WHEN ARBOR DAY ROLLS 'ROUND

**T**REES may be listed among the great blessings to mankind, and it was in recognition of this that Arbor Day was begun by the State of Nebraska April 22, 1872, with the planting of thousands of trees by school children. Arbor Day is now celebrated in many states in April.

In 1917 there came from China an urgent request for nuts and seeds to plant trees. Forests have steadily disappeared in China. As a result periodic floods sweep over the deforested areas. Unless we

replant and protect our own forests we may expect similar disasters, for where there are no trees to hold the water with their roots and let it gradually flow through little rivulets to larger streams, the snows melt and go away too rapidly and the water is carried away in floods. This in turn results in droughts.

No trees mean no birds, no flowers, and eventually no crops. Take for your Arbor Day slogan the two words, "PLANT and PROTECT."

### TREES

I think that I shall never see  
A poem lovely as a tree;

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest  
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day  
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear  
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;  
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,  
But only God can make a tree.

—Joyce Kilmer.

### SHADE

The kindest thing God ever made,  
His hand of very healing laid  
Upon a fevered world, is shade.  
His glorious company of trees  
Throw out their mantles, and on these  
The dust-stained wanderer finds ease.  
Green temples, closed against the beat  
Of noontime's blinding glare and heat,  
Open to any pilgrim's feet.  
The white road blisters in the sun;  
Not half the weary journey done,  
Enter and rest, O weary one!  
And feel the dew of dawn still wet  
Beneath thy feet, and so forget  
The burning highway's ache and fret.  
This is God's hospitality,  
And whoso rests beneath a tree  
Hath cause to thank Him gratefully.

—Theodosia Garrison.





*A faithful messenger and interpreter in Red Cross service in Albania*

# PLAYGROUNDS AND CANTEENS

**SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT:** In order that Junior Red Cross Auxiliaries may know the precise details about all the foreign activities of the Junior Red Cross, conducted through appropriations made from the National Children's Fund, a page of each issue of the NEWS will be devoted to the presentation of statistical facts about the projects. These pages should be kept carefully for future reference, for in time they will form a complete record of the foreign activities of the Junior Red Cross. The playground activities are pioneer undertakings and are blazing the way for countries to carry on this kind of child-welfare work for themselves. They are, incidentally, training schools for playground directors.

## ALBANIA

In July, 1920, the Juniors took over a playground and canteen in Durazzo, which they will turn over to local authorities in July, 1921. Here approximately 150 boys and girls are taught hygiene,

supervised at play and given a warm midday meal, full of the food values so needed by the undernourished little bodies. In the fall these children, who have been refused by the native schools because of their weak and unsanitary physical condition, will start school with healthy bodies and cheerful minds induced by their summer of normal food and play.

## FRANCE

The Junior Red Cross playground at Amiens provides food and recreation for 500 boys and girls.

At Guise approximately 300 youngsters are spending happy hours in the Junior Red Cross playground, established there about September 1, 1920.

On the old battlements of Paris, the Junior Red Cross has established the modern "Bagnolet playground." It covers five acres of ground and 1,000 children can play there at one time. It was equipped by experts from the United States, who brought gymnastic paraphernalia with them. Bagnolet is a model for other playgrounds in France and is the first organized public playground opened in Paris. Americans call it the "Fresh Air Mission." Physicians examine the children twice a week, send those with serious diseases to a hospital, and treat others.

A similar playground is located at Port Doree, Paris. For four years the children of Rethel did not know what it was to play. Now they feel that the world is at their feet, for the Junior Red Cross, cooperating with

the French Government, has established there a four-acre, up-to-date playground. Six hundred children of Rethel and outlying villages are fast learning (for the first time since babyhood) what lungs are meant for and where muscles should be.

In the ancient city of Rheims, long a target for shell-fire, the Junior Red Cross has provided a playground where 350 children are learning to laugh and play again.

Toulis is the center of ten villages where the Junior Red Cross conducts a demonstration center. Four hundred and eighty-one children are supervised in play and gymnastic exercises, and cared for in a clinic to which is attached a French nurse. As an examination disclosed need for supplementary feeding, rations of oatmeal, milk chocolate, jam and sugar were issued at the clinic. In Toulis the Junior workers conducted a kindergarten for forty children, which answered the purpose of a day nursery for the children of mothers who worked during the day. The Junior Red Cross also arranged for a noon meal of soup or chocolate for the 500 school children of the district. Supplies were furnished by the Commission for Relief in Belgium, and the cooking and serving were done by the teachers. The school canteens were continued to the end of the school year, July, 1920.

## POLAND

In response to appeals from the Board of Charities of Czesochowa, a playground accommodating 500 children was established there by the Junior Red Cross in May, 1920. A recreational program was planned and a leader placed in charge of the playground to carry out the work under the supervision of the Junior workers.

Two other playgrounds already established, accommodating respectively 200 and 300 children, were given the regular playground equipment and garden seeds and tools by the Junior Red Cross. The gardens are an endless source of interest and supplied much-needed food.



*Bagnolet playground, atop the Paris battlements*



*Ah Chee found himself before an enormous fly*

# AH CHEE WAKES UP

By Ethel Blair



*He told his father that devils are very stupid*

AH CHEE sat before his father's food shop, thinking so deeply that his little round face looked quite solemn. He was thinking about devils and their ways. From his baby days, when his parents had dressed him in girl's clothes and called him "Dirt" to fool the devils, up to his present ripe age of eight, devils had been a great source of annoyance to Ah Chee. Although they were guarded against in every possible way, they were constantly interfering, and just at this time they had sent a bad sickness which had visited many homes. Only the foreigners in the neighborhood had escaped, and this was the thing that puzzled Ah Chee; for it was common talk that foreigners laughed at devils. Ah Chee resolved to seek out the foreigners and discover their devil-conquering charm.

He brushed the flies from a sweetmeat and nibbled it as he trotted down the street to where a crowd had gathered. Squirring his way expertly to the front, Ah Chee gave one look, then whirled round and tried to dive back through the sea of legs, for he found himself confronting an enormous fly—at least a hundred times as big as the flies he knew. It was shining, moreover, as if it had a fire inside. The horrid creature stood on a little wheeled platform, and behind it were more horrors—other bugs and dragons, all huge and all red with that dreadful light.

Suddenly Ah Chee understood. These were devils

that the foreigners had captured. He listened attentively. Yes, the foreigners admitted it, and they admitted, too, that they knew a way to conquer them. How foolish, thought Ah Chee, to give away such valuable information! For the foreigners were telling in detail how to fight the disease-spreading devils.

Ah Chee could hardly believe his ears. Apparently all that was needed was to wash things and then to keep them covered from flies!

The foreigners continued to talk about a great tong to which they belonged. This tong, which they called "Juniorredcross," was hunting disease-devils all over the city and had enlisted in its service numbers of homeless beggar-boys which it turned into street cleaners.

But this did not interest Ah Chee. Chuckling, he hurried off home to tell his father the astounding news that devils were stupid things that could be overcome by soap-and-water and screens.

\* \* \*

## TOO SHORT A NOTICE

Father: "Great Scott, Sammy! How you do look!"

Sammy: "Yes, Pa, I fell in a mudhole."

Father: "What! and with your new pants on."

Sammy: "Yes, I didn't have time to take 'em off, Pa."

—Boys' Life.



*The Juniors have helped finance health campaigns, general relief work among beggar children, a permanent health poster fund, and the distribution of health films and literature in China*

# THE DAY'S WORK

GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

THE call of the outdoors rings through this number of the NEWS. The material may be classified as follows:

## IDEALS OF SERVICE

"The Editor's Letter to You," page 128; "Just One Thing After Another," page 117; "The Brightest Spot in Paris," page 116; "Springtime Jobs for Juniors," page 121, furnish excellent material for promoting ideals of helpfulness and unselfishness.

## FOR THE READING LESSON

"The Brightest Spot in Paris," "Slide, Keed, Slide," "Springtime Jobs for Juniors," and the pretty poems on pages 122 and 123.

## BOOK PAGE

Many of the rhymes and poems suggested on page 127 may be memorized for such special occasions as morning exercises, Friday afternoon and Parent-Teacher's meetings. There are two lovely poems, "Trees," by Joyce Kilmer, and "Shade," by Theodosia Garrison, on page 123, which may be used for the same purpose. Joyce Kilmer lost his life in the World War.

## STORIES TO TELL

"Ah Chee Wakes Up," page 125, will prove a delightful story both for reading and for retelling. "Just One Thing After Another," and "Slide, Keed, Slide" are good to tell.

After Another," page 117, in the geography and history lesson to give an interesting background of knowledge for the study of the Near East. The cover page, entitled "Children of the Village Sheik, Upper Egypt," gives inspiration and interest when beginning the history and geography of Egypt. Notice the handwriting of the Egyptians.

## FOR THE BULLETIN BOARD

Pin the cover page, the pictures on page 118 and the article, "Playgrounds and Canteens," page 124, on the bulletin board for study and information. Later put the article "Playgrounds and Canteens" away to paste into a "Junior Foreign Projects" scrapbook.

## IT HAPPENED IN APRIL

Thomas Jefferson was born April 2, 1743;

James Monroe, April 28, 1758; William Wordsworth, April 7, 1770; Henry Clay, April 12, 1777; Washington Irving, April 3, 1783; Edward Everett, April 11, 1794; Hans Christian Andersen, April 2, 1805; Stephen A. Douglas, April 23, 1813; and U. S. Grant, April 27, 1822. It was on April 19, 1775, the Minute Men at Concord "fired the shot heard round the world"; General Washington was inaugurated President April 30, 1789; the Civil Rights Bill was passed by Congress April 9, 1886. On April 6, 1917, the United States declared war on Germany. Arbor Day is celebrated in April. The professional baseball season in America opens April 13.

\* \* \*

A teacher received this note: "Dear madam, please excuse my tommy today, he won't come to skule and it is your fault. U gave him a example, if a field is 5 miles around how long will it take a man walking 3½ miles per hour to walk 2½ times around it? tommy ain't a man, so we sent his father. They went early this morning and father will walk around the field and tommy will time him, but please don't give my boy such examples again, because my husband must go to work every day to support his family."—Country Gentleman.

## PRONOUNCING DEPARTMENT

Amiens	Ah-myan'	Lazar	La-zar'
Bagnolet	Bah-nyoh-le'	Lovcen	Love'-chen
Baptiste	Bah-teest'	Perigny	Pereen'-ye
Cetinje	Tset'-een-yay	Podgoritza	Pod'-go-ree-tsa
Crimea	Kri-mee'-a	Port Doree	Port Do-ray'
Czestochova	Chen-sto-ko'-vah	Ragusa	Rah-goo'-zah
Danilovgrad	Dah-nil'-off-grahd	Rethel	Reh-tel'
Durazzo	Doo-raht'-so	Rheims	Reemz
Gravosa	Grah-voh'-zah	Toulis	Too-lee'
Guisse	Geez	Yoko	Yo'-ko
Jacques	Zshahk	Zelenika	Tzel-ee-nee'-ka
Jugoslavia	Yoo-go-slakh'-via		



# THE PIPER PIPES FOR JUNIORS

**A** SMILE lighted up the face of the "Piper of Many Verses." His eyes

By Louise Franklin Bache

grew merry, and dipping his reed pen he laughed uproariously as he wrote of myriads of "happy songs every child may joy to hear"—William Allingham's "Ring-Ting! I wish I were a Primrose, a bright yellow Primrose blowing in the spring"; Edward Lear's "The Owl and the Pussy-cat went to sea in a beautiful pea-green boat"; Isaac Watts' "How doth the little busy bee improve each shining hour"; Jane Taylor's "I like little Pussy, her coat is so warm and if I don't hurt her she'll do me no harm"; Emilie Poulsson's "Frisky as a lambkin, busy as a bee—that's the kind of little girl people like to see"; Gelett Burgess' "I never saw a purple cow; I never hope to see one; but I can tell you anyhow, I'd rather see than be one"; Lewis Carroll's "'Will you walk a little faster?' said a whiting to a snail, 'There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading on my tail'"; James Whitcomb Riley's "Little Orphan Annie's come to our house to stay"; Eugene Field's "I ain't afeard uv snakes, or toads, or bugs, or worms, or mice, an' things 'at girls are skeered uv I think are awful nice"; Robert Louis Stevenson's "I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me, and what can be the use of him is more than I can see"; and Robert Browning's "The Pied Piper of Hamelin."

"Kind Friend, the Piper," said Jack, the captain of the high school football team, and Jill, the leading lady in the high school dramatic club, "The rhymes you sing are for smaller folk than us. What have you for us?"

Quoth the Piper merrily: "Over hill, over dale, through bush, through brier, over park, over pale, through flood, through fire, I do wander everywhere" if 'tis your wish to follow. Then before Jack and Jill could even think of an answer, the Piper began to quote: Sidney Lanier's "Dear Land of All my Love," Oliver Wendell Holmes' "Old Ironsides"; Walt Whitman's "O Captain, my Captain"; Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's "Evangeline"; Robert Burns' "Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and never

brought to min'"; William Cowper's "The Diverting History of John Gilpin"; Oliver Goldsmith's

"Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog"; Sir Walter Scott's "Oh, Young Lochinvar is come out of the west; through all the wide border his steed was the best"; Alfred Tennyson's "The Lady of Shalott"; Charles Kingsley's "O Mary, go and call the cattle home"; Thomas Hood's "Faithless Nelly Grey"; Samuel Taylor Coleridge's "Kubla Khan"; Bret Harte's

"Now shift your blanket pad before your saddle back you fling, and draw your cinch up tighter till the sweat drops from the ring: We've a dozen miles to cover ere we reach the next divide"; Edgar Allan Poe's "The Raven"; John Milton's "Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee jest and youthful jollity" (from *L'Allegre*); William Wordsworth's "I wandered lonely as a cloud that floats on high o'er vales and hills, when all at once I saw a crowd—a host, of golden daffodils"; Robert Browning's "Oh, to be in England now that April's there"; Elizabeth Barrett Browning's "Romance of the Swan's Nest"; and Rudyard Kipling's recession, "God of our fathers, known of old."

The Piper stopped and laughed like the purling of a brook.

Into the hands of the children he thrust a message which read as follows: "Through these books you shall discover a treasure all gold."

Verse books for small children

whose birthdays number from one to twelve: Browning's *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*, published by Rand McNally & Co., Chicago, Los Angeles, and N. Y., \$1.25; Brown's *A Pocketful of Posies*, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and N. Y., \$1.35; Field's *Lullaby Land*, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y., \$1.50; Lear's *The Jumbles and other Nonsense Verses*, published by Frederick Warne & Co., N. Y., \$1.50; Chisholm's *Golden Staircase*, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y., \$2; with colored pictures, \$3; *The Children's Longfellow*, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and N. Y., \$1.65; Stevenson's *A Child's Garden of Verse*, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y. in prices ranging from 75 cents to \$3; Rand McNally & Co. publishes an edition at 50 cents.



FROM A COPY PRINT. © BY CURTIS & CAMERON, PUBLISHERS, 12 MARCOURT ST., BOSTON

*The Magic Pipe—By Eva Roos*

# The Editor's Letter to You!

Dear Juniors:

This is the waking-up season of the year. If you could travel across America in an aeroplane—and you probably will do this some day!—you would realize what is meant by “waking-up” season. Fields and forests and streams are contributing many and varied signs of the awakening, for a lot of things have been asleep. It is waking-up time not only for trees, shrubs, flowers, and grasses, but for countless creatures, ranging in size from great bears to tiny insects.

Nature's glad new year is the season that most children love best, April rain, and all. The average American school girl and boy greets the Spring with the spirit of Robert Loveman's little poem:

It is not raining rain to me,  
But fields of clover bloom.  
Where any buccaneering bee  
Can find a bed and room.

A health unto the happy,  
A fig for him who frets!  
It is not raining rain to me,  
It's raining violets.

The true forces of nature are purifying, beautifying, upbuilding, and generally helpful, and this is a great lesson we learn at this time of the year. It is urgent for all mankind to know that there is something to live for outside themselves, and that it is really *necessary* to live for others. We are all on the same planet together, and the only way one can live absolutely to himself is to get off the earth. Now, we couldn't jump off the earth if we wanted to, and besides no right-minded person really wants to shirk his responsibility in promoting the happiness of all.

The Junior Red Cross, the school children's branch of the American Red Cross, is banded together to spread broadcast the basic truth that the happiness of each depends on the happiness of all. It is an organization of children for children. It has important work to do for children at home and abroad.

In deciding how and where to help, a Junior Red Cross Auxiliary is confronted with the old, old question, “Who is my neighbor?” We are all waking up to understand that by the term “neighbor” is not meant merely those who live next door to us, although they may be fine neighbors indeed; but “my neighbor” is the one who needs my help most, and may live two blocks away, ten miles away, two or three states

away, or across the ocean. “My neighbor” may be any fellow-being who has his two feet on the same planet with me. Just now it is hard to imagine a greater need than we know exists among millions of homeless and underfed children of Central and Southern Europe, where fifty or more educational-relief projects are being carried on by the Junior Red Cross through its National Children's Fund.

These foreign activities include day schools, farm schools, child-welfare centers, hospital schools, orphanages, playgrounds, school lunches, school gardens, school ships, vacation camps, vocational schools, winter colonies, schools for cripples, scholarships, and apprenticeships distributed over a dozen countries, and all administered under the direction of the American Red Cross, the parent organization.

Little schools and big can all find an opportunity to further the work of the National Children's Fund, raising whatever contribution they may wish to make by some cooperative entertainment or “stunt,” and in this way share in a practical and permanent form of assistance for countless little neighbors beyond the bright blue sea.

Opportunities to render unselfish service to others should not only be looked for, but *made*. This is a growing realization among the members of the Junior Red Cross, and is part of the waking-up process that is going on in all of us. And there is nothing so contagious as unselfishness. It is certainly “catching.” If every girl and boy in your school will form a habit of being unselfish towards others at all times, regardless of the way others appear to act towards them, their examples will be reflected in the life of the entire community.

Then think of the possibilities of girls and boys throughout the country doing the same thing—many millions of girls and boys in tens of thousands of schools and millions of homes! You have the power to make the whole of America more un-

selfish and much happier. And what would the effect of that be? Why, a more unselfish and a happier world, for nations learn to become good neighbors, just as do girls and boys.

Universal love for humanity will come in this way—a grand epidemic of unselfishness that no one will want to stop. Unselfishness is simply another word for brotherly love, and is one contagious thing that all of us should catch and, having caught, should try to give to everybody we meet.

AUSTIN CUNNINGHAM.



LEWIS W. NENE PHOTO

*The Umpire—  
A Sign of Spring*

